

Your mother kept you safe  
So safe you weren't born  
Your mother keeps you still  
In the mind of the forlorn  
And never to conceive  
And never to allow  
The thought to cross your mind  
Where is your mother now?  
And somewhere in a dream  
Your mother's still eighteen  
And holding onto this world  
That we called obscene  
The union of the snakes  
With coiled bodies bare  
Bring scissors for my skin  
And for your mother's hair

She'll never speak your name  
For fear of looking in  
To the past that was  
For that which might have been